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## MR. BRYAN'S TIMELY REPUDIATION OF A FALSE REPORT.

Mr. Bryan's emphatic repudiation of the report that he proposed to make an attack upon Judge Taft and the Roosevelt administration on account of the manner in which the negro soldiers stationed at Brownsville, Tex., at the time of the "shooting up" of that place, were dealt with, came as good news to Democrats in the South, especially, and, we believe, to members of the party generally. The report in all probability was started for the express purpose of injuring the party's chance of success, for if any one thing could break the solid South, a stand on the part of the Democratic nominee in favor of these negro soldiers would do the work. Mr. Bryan has nullified the falsehood without delay, however, and it probably will do no harm.

In the first place, in spite of Senator Foraker, the negro soldier question is a dead issue. Mr. Taft acted; he was sustained by the President, and Congress declined to interfere.

In the second place, the people down this way believe that if Judge Taft ever did one good thing in his life, it was when he dismissed from the service the uniformed blacks who terrorized the Texas town, and their comrades who shielded them. This action was approved of by Southern people, Democrats and Republicans, and the approval is going to stand no matter if a thousand Forakers talk a thousand years trying to convince somebody that the secretary of war exceeded his authority.

Hence it would be rank folly on the part of a candidate depending upon the vote of the Southern people to inject a criticism of the administration in connection with the Brownsville affair into his campaign speeches of interviews. The Daily Press does not know what Mr. Bryan's personal views on this question happen to be. He may or he may not think that the war secretary exceeded his authority. But what the nominee's opinion on this subject may be does not matter as far as this campaign is concerned. He probably thinks Andrew Jackson exceeded his authority upon various occasions, but he is not going to fill his campaign speeches with his opinions on the subject.

Mr. Bryan is the nominee of the Democratic party, comprising some six million or more voters, who live all over this great country, from Maine to Texas. It would, of course, be utterly impossible for any one man's views on all subjects to coincide with the individual opinions of all of these six million people. Therefore it behooves a man placed in Mr. Bryan's position to keep his tongue well in hand, and to talk only upon the great principles which make a party and hold it together. But for his failure to do this, Mr. Bryan would have been in the White House long ago; and the Republicans are sorry to see that he has learned a lesson along this line.

Mr. Bryan has announced that he proposes to devote his attention during the campaign only to the subjects discussed in the Democratic platform, adopted by the national convention at Denver. He has learned that the millage has not arrived, and that the world does not want

a man to say at all times just what he thinks about all things.

## OFFICERS DESERVE CONGRATULATIONS.

Dr. J. R. Hagby, the health officer, and his assistant, Sanitary Inspector Harris, are to be congratulated upon their promptness in setting out to enforce the ordinance regulating the sale of milk in the city. The measure was not passed by the board of aldermen until Tuesday night, and on Friday the inspector was out with his paraphernalia to find out what kind of milk the people of Newport News are buying.

The testing of the milk, however, is only one of the duties imposed upon the health department by the ordinance. The inspection of the dairies is one of the most important tasks required, and it is to be hoped that this work will be done as promptly and thoroughly as the testing. Weak milk is bad, but dirty or germ infested milk is worse.

Some time ago it was generally reported that several of the dairies from which products were sold within the city limits were in a filthy and unsanitary condition. If such conditions exist now, the public wants to know it, and wants the dairymen who keep such places to pay the penalty and keep their wagons off the streets until there is a cleaning up. The importance of having a milk ordinance will not be fully realized until the inspector has been enforcing the provisions of the new measure for awhile.

Carlyle says a true man is one who never holds a principle on which he is not prepared in any hour to act, and in any hour to risk the consequences of holding it. Most such men have gone to heaven, and they probably feel more at home there than they did down here.

An exchange announces that there has been a decrease in railway casualties; during the three months ending March 31 only 728 people were killed, and 14,713 injured. The slaughter must have been frightful before the decrease.

"When is a ship not a ship?" Sounds like a conundrum, but it really is an important question, upon which the United States Supreme Court has been asked to pass.

Judge Cochrane, of the Wilmington, Del., municipal court, fined a witness five dollars for referring to a negro as "Mr." Even down this way the line is not drawn quite as close as that.

Mr. Taft started out to write an acceptance speech in 3,500 words, and before he finished the limit had been passed by 6,000. Another proof of the close relations between the President and the candidate.

A woman out in Wisconsin fasted 56 days because she thought she had appendicitis. We would have given the appendix the benefit of the doubt.

## THE AERIAL EXPERIMENTS.

During this week and next, and probably throughout the remainder of July, Fort Myer will be the rendezvous of the aeronauts. The war department will conduct the largest and most notable series of experiments in aerial navigation ever undertaken in this country. The practicability of the dirigible balloon will be demonstrated; the aeroplane and the ship that leaves the blue like a bird with outstretched wings will each have its trial. Out of these experiments it is hoped that a fleet of airships to cooperate with the land and naval forces of the United States may result.

On paper the United States appears to be far in the rear of other great nations in the matter of aerial navigation. This government has not devoted the attention to the subject that has been given it by the French and German governments. But in reality these nations have done nothing which we are not in a position to surpass within a very short time.

The United States has not gone deeply into aeronautics in its experimental stage. It has preferred to watch the other nations and avoid the expenditure and mistakes made by them. It has full reliance in the enthusiasm and career of its scientists and knows well that they will not be behind the scientists of the rest of the world when a practical ship of the air can be produced. A. M. Herring, the Wright brothers, and other American experts have shown that we are the equal of the other nations in what we have actually done for the furtherance of aeronautics.

It has been said that Congress has failed to show any enthusiasm for what promises to be a new and formidable branch of our offensive and defensive service. Congress has been like the rest of our government. It has refused to put up good money for the cradling of infant schemes possibly pulling and not certain to reach the leaping age. Congress is like Missouri; it demands to be shown. If the experiments at Fort Myer demonstrate beyond doubt that the airship is as practicable as the automobile, and has come to stay, Congress will not be found a laggard in realizing its possibilities as an instrument of war.

ing its possibilities as an instrument of war.

Much theory has been promulgated as to how our large cities would take it if a huge war balloon belonging to a hostile nation were suddenly to appear over it with a cargo of giant torpedoes and bombs on board. The answer is that the city wouldn't be interested if the bombs were dropped quickly enough. No danger need be apprehended just now, however. Under the agreement at the peace conference explosives will not be hurled from balloons for at least five years. Even the nations not signatory to this agreement would not dare to do so contrary to its terms. And even should they do so, we still have Maxim's noiseless gun with us and appear to possess the advantage.—Washington Post.

## A CALL FOR LIGHT.

With sincere interest and some amusement we observe the efforts of various Virginia newspapers to instruct the News-Leader in its duties as a party organ and to try to reconcile independence and accuracy with faithful performance of these duties. Some of our contemporaries and their correspondents are inclined to be vituperative; others are distinctly friendly and kindly. The News-Leader is held up as a modern example of personal journalism and its editor is exhorted to encourage the Democracy of the state by landing the party nominees and predicting their success.

Notwithstanding attentive study, we have not been quite able to straighten out and reconcile the positions our friends urge us to take. We will be very grateful if some of them will explain a little more clearly what they think the News-Leader ought to do. We do not promise to accept their advice, but we are curious to know just what it is. Suppose, for example, the South Boston News or the Clinch Valley News or the Bristol Herald-Courier throw some scintillating light into the fog.

Suppose the editor of the News-Leader, from his reading of newspapers, his study of the figures of former elections and his other sources of information believes that Taft will carry New York and Ohio. Is it his duty to write or have written in the News-Leader day after day glowing predictions of triumphs for Mr. Bryan in those states. Or if from some other extensive experience he is convinced that any predictions of the results in November put forth in the middle of July are idle and without meaning, ought he yet to tell his readers that victory for the Democratic nominees is an assured fact? If he did this would he not be betraying the confidence of the people who buy the News-Leader and read it for the purpose of being informed and of being told what conditions are?

In other words, does a newspaper's loyalty and fidelity to its party require it to deceive those whose money it takes and whose confidence it invites?

As we look at it, the News-Leader is under contract to every subscriber or purchaser to give information as nearly accurate as it can gather and to present editorially the actual opinions of its editors on matters of public interest and importance. We have the right to advise our readers to vote the Democratic ticket this year for the specific and special purpose of checking and limiting the power of the Republican organization effective. We have no right to tell the public anything that we do not believe to be true, to conceal our real opinion or to give advice which we believe to be unwise and against the welfare of the country and people. According to our notion, if we thought the people of Virginia for their own interests and for the good of the country ought to vote for Mr. Taft we would have full right to say so and it would be our duty to say so; but believing, as we do, that they can best serve the country and themselves by voting for Bryan we have the right to say so and it is our duty not only to tell them what they ought to do, but why we think they ought to do it.

That is the case as it appears to the News-Leader. We will be very much pleased if the contemporaries we have named or any others will show us where and in what respect they think we are wrong. We want to know whether they think a newspaper editor should bend and twist his thought and belief according to party requirements or whether he should recognize his obligation to the public and his readers as first and imperative. This is not by way of explanation but intended to elicit explanation. We are interested to know, as a general proposition, what these contemporaries of ours think the business and duty of a newspaper is.—Richmond News-Leader.

## WITH THE PARAGRAPHERS.

"John Hays Hammond reminds The Washington Herald of a beautiful meteor." Then The Herald ought to see J. Hamilton Lewis, says the Milwaukee Sentinel. We have; we can only compare him to an aurora borealis.—Washington Herald.

It seems that this is the first time in twenty-one years that William H. Taft has been free from official cares. At the same time it isn't at all likely that he wants his vacation unduly extended.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

J. Ogden Armour says confidence has been restored and prosperity is back again. Mr. Armour has just returned from Europe and is still feeling some of the oats he garnered before he left home.—Dallas News.

A well-known hunter of big game in Africa has warned the President that it will be dangerous for him to hunt in that country. If there was any doubt before as to Mr. Roosevelt's making the trip there can be none whatever now.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## In the Dark

By C. E. Hughes

(Copyright.)

At length Lieut. Von Wientz raised his chin from his hands, withdrew his elbows from the table, and, leaning forward, blew out the second candle. He stared at the glowing tip of the wick, for the red to die away.

"The thing will be easy enough to do in perfect darkness," he said, half aloud.

What a long time the spark seemed to live—incredibly long. He could have sworn that the point of light pricked his vision for fully five minutes. In reality, perhaps, five seconds would have been nearer the truth.

The red glow vanished and there was darkness.

The lieutenant stretched out his hand to the spot on which he had placed the revolver. He grasped it and drew it towards himself. "Quite easy now," he repeated, as he lifted the weapon from the table. "Darkness, after all, is one's best friend—perfect darkness. It doesn't let a man look so like a murderer."

What was that? The room was dark, and yet he had seen something—seen something almost as one hears a sound. A short, dull line of light before his very eyes. He extended a finger of his left hand. It touched the barrel of the revolver and he withdrew it with a slight shudder. Now he could see the dim outline of the gleaming metal as his right hand held it.

"And yet," he reasoned, hazily, as one who has drunk deep, "the room is dark. I blew out the candle myself. One cannot see in the dark. The thing is uncanny."

He had laid the revolver on the table, determined to wrestle with this problem, glad, in spite of himself, of an excuse to leave for an instant the other matter—the thing which must be done, and which darkness would make so easy.

He gazed hard at the table. There, sure enough, was the revolver. It was growing more and more clearly visible each moment. And there, beside it, was the candlestick and the candle—the one he had blown out last; he could see them just as if it had been broad daylight. And the other candlestick a foot or two away; and the writing pad on the table between the pair.

He must speak to the concierge about these candles. What was the use of candles which still lighted the whole room when they were blown out? Well, perhaps he was unjust. Not quite the whole room. He could



hardly see the wall in front of him. The picture—Hobbes's "Avenue"—that was blurred, so perhaps, after all, the candles were all right. But no; he could see the picture. There was the long double row of trees, with the road stretching away up the landscape. All clear as day. Yes, he must certainly speak about the candles.

And yet, where was the good? When he had gone through with that little easy matter he wouldn't have to worry about candles. Still, doubtless some one else would want his rooms, and he, whoever he might be, ought to be warned about these cursed candles which wouldn't blow out, or at least wouldn't stop illuminating when they were blown out. He should have to lodge a complaint about them for the benefit of the man who came after him. It was plainly his duty.

He looked about him. Good heavens! Why, he could see every single thing in the room! There was the great stove in the corner, with its blue-pipe towering up to the ceiling; the book case with the books all distinct as—why, these confounded candles were regular search lights. There was the bottom row with the tattered paper-backed novels and books of verse—French, a good many of them. He rather liked French novels. They were more lively than German. And yet he had quite enjoyed that last little thing of Bierbaum's. There it was at the end of the row. Gott im Himmel! What candles!

And there was the wardrobe and his bed, and his cloak and sword on the peg by its side. He hoped they wouldn't forget to bury those with him. Strictly, of course, he wouldn't be entitled to military honors, but he had no doubt they would make an exception for him. He was going to do it for the sake of the regiment—

and made that quite clear in the letter. At least he thought so. He could read it well enough with these infernal candles.

He picked up the written sheet from the blotting pad. "I have done this," he read, "because military etiquette left me no other alternative but disgrace, and the disgrace of one officer of a regiment is the disgrace of every officer of the regiment."

He paused and considered the phraseology. "Yes, I think that's rather well put. The repetition of the word 'regiment' seems to add dignity and emphasis to it."

He read on. "These are the facts of the case. I give them, so far as I remember, exactly as they occurred. Today I entered a train on Hauptstrasse. The first seat on the left was occupied by a stout fellow in civilian dress. His legs extended slightly into the gangway. I tripped on them, and fell almost into the lap of a lady opposite. 'Dummkopf!' I muttered to the man. 'Can't you keep your blasted legs to yourself?'"

"He rose and struck me on the mouth with the back of his hand. I grasped the hilt of my sword. He took, very deliberately, a card from his pocket-book, and handing it to me, left the train. I read the card—Gen. Von Ehrenberg-Achstein. I had assaulted an officer of superior rank! He could not call me out, and accordingly but one thing remained for a man of honor. I gave it to the regiment to decide whether I have acted in a manner that is worthy of their traditions."

He laid down the letter. By its side was another. It was addressed to "Fraulein Kumer," and it told the same story a little less baldly. "I can add nothing to either," he said. "If it had not been for these candles the thing would have been settled by now."

He turned in his chair, and for the first time since he had blown out the candle noticed the window behind him. He started in horror. He could have declared solemnly that he had puffed down the blind, yet the square framed patch of deep blue sky mocked him through the glass panes. He rose and jerked wildly at the blind. It descended a few inches and then stopped. The roller had jammed. He tugged frantically at the tasseled cord, and it came away with his hand. In desperation he sat down again at the table. Drops of cold perspiration stood out on his forehead, and he tried to dash them away with his clenched fist. He clutched at his hair, and muttered beneath his breath.

If he could only have darkness! Every detail of the room stood out with a vividness which it had never before possessed. He could trace the pattern of the carpet; the great curves of the "Secession" wall paper; the sinuous grace of the frieze. The brightest day of summer had never revealed to him so much, and as one in a weary sickness he began to count the repetitions of the design. Up, down, across and back. Up, down, across and back.

The bell of a neighboring church clock aroused him to a sense of time. It was no use delaying. He must do it, light or no light. He stretched out his hand again for the revolver, grasped it and held it to his temple. As his forefinger sought the trigger, his eye caught the circular silver frame of a portrait on the table before him.

"Dear little girl," he murmured. "I dare say she'll be sorry, if no one else is."

He laid down the revolver and picked up the envelope marked "Fraulein Kumer." Would she be able to understand? He asked himself. Had he told her everything as it should be told? A girl could not be expected to see things in the same light as a company of young officers. He ought to make it quite clear to her. He owed her that. He remembered that she had once expressed to him her belief that a man who took his own life was a coward. They were talking of some poor fellow who had poisoned himself in prison, and he had agreed that there was no excuse for one in such a case. The man had done something and was afraid to meet the consequences. Suicide there was obviously rank cowardice.

But, then, how about himself? What would she think of him? Ah, but his circumstances were wholly different. This was an affair of honor, and there was an accepted code. He said these words over and over as if to impress upon himself their significance. An inviolable code which nothing could possibly alter. Nothing—nothing—nothing. But would she understand? A woman might not recognize the laws by which men bind themselves.

Women were queer beings. She had said to him once, in all earnestness, that a woman's heart might break. He prided himself on being a man of the world, and he had accepted her statement with unconscious condescension. He had thought it a pretty idea. Nonsense, of course, but still a pretty idea. Yet was it altogether nonsense? Suppose it were not nonsense? Suppose a woman's heart could break. A woman with a broken heart must live a living death. A living death! That was worse than real death. Far worse, inconceivably worse.

Then Lieut. Von Wientz struck a match.

British Exports Decline. Exports of iron and steel from the United Kingdom for the first three months of the current calendar year show a decline compared with the corresponding months of last year of 27,000 tons in volume and of \$9,136,351 in value.

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## TRANSPORTATION GUIDE.

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Trains arrive Newport News, 10:00 a. m., 10:35 a. m., 5:35 p. m. and 7:20 p. m.

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All business between New York and Newport News transacted at pier No. 6. All business between Newport News, Norfolk, Smithfield and local points transacted at Pier "A," foot of Twenty-fifth street.

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Lv. Wash. .... 8:00 a. m. 9:00 a. m.

Ar. Phila. .... 11:01 a. m. 11:55 a. m.

Ar. N. Y. .... 1:15 p. m. 2:00 p. m.

Southbound.

Lv. New York .... 12:25 m. 11:50 a. m.

Lv. Phila. .... 2:00 p. m. 2:13 p. m.

Ar. Wash. .... 6:05 p. m. 5:20 p. m.

Lv. Wash. .... 6:30 p. m. 6:30 p. m.

Ar. Old Point .... 7:00 a. m. 7:00 a. m.

Ar. Norfolk .... 8:00 a. m. 8:00 a. m.

Ar. Portsmouth ....